SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH

DEVOTED TO THE ILLUSTRATION OF SPIRITUAL INTERCOURSE.

"THE AGITATION OF THOUGHT IS THE BEGINNING OF WISDOM."

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The Principles of Nature.

THE MATERIAL AND SPIRITUAL WORLDS.

WHAT WE REALLY KNOW.

BY CHARLES H. CRAGIN, M. D.

> "They say that heavens are domes
> Outrolling from the vastness of the mind."

The thing, of all others, that I am surest of, is, that *I am*. By consciousness I *know* that *I am*; that I feel; that I think; that I am happy and unhappy. Of this fact we are all surest. Self is thus the center of each one's being and universe; afterward, by consciousness, intuition, or pure reason, we know that every effect has a cause; that there is a right and a wrong, the one of which should be, *ought* to be avoided and left undone, the other of which *ought* to be loved and done. I can not stop to detail all the intuitive axioms that underlie all our modes of revealing ourselves in feeling, thought, and action; but say at once, that by the intuitive perception that nothing can be without a cause for it, we next, after knowing that we ourselves are, know that a Great First Cause is—that God is; and then by degrees we learn to know that he alone really is, and that we and all things merely are in him, and thus *appear* to be; we learn that he is the inmost of ourself—the inmost of all things. We learn to know that he is infinite perfection of love, of wisdom and of power. We learn to know that there can be but *one Infinite*, and that the Infinite must include all beings and things, and that all beings and things live or exist merely in the Infinite. He is in all—and all "live, move, and have their being in him."[*] We equally know, too, that the universe of matter and mind no more includes, and is the all of the Infinite, than the soul, the mind of man, is limited merely to and wholly included in the various organs and atoms of the body. We know that, far beyond the reach and limits of the body, the mind comprehends histories of men and nations long passed away, sciences of plants, animals, geologies, solar systems, galaxies, nebulæ, universes. All these really exist and revolve within the mind of man, which goes even further and comprehends something of the Infinite Maker of all the mind has in it; something of the Infinite, inasmuch as it is absolutely impossible to imagine a limit beyond which it can not go. As far, then, as the soul outsteps the body, so in its infinite proportion does the soul of the universe outstep and excel that limit. We learn thus to know that the whole infinite universe of matter and mind, in spheres and intelligences, is but a thought of God, infinitely above and beyond which he is.

> "All matter is God's tongue—
> Out from its motion, God, thoughts are sung,
> And the realms of space are the octave bars,
> And the music-notes are the suns and stars."
>
> "God is in all things, yet over all,
> Else were creation a corpse and a pall
> God is o'er all, or there is no God;
> God is in all, else is all a clod."

The thing that we are surest of is, that we are; next, that there is something *not we*—something outside of and separate from us, which something we seem to see, and hear, and touch, and taste, and smell. Thus we learn to know that we are, and that there is a world outside of and separate from us. Some, after a while, get to be only sure of this external, outside world, and get to doubt of that very thing or being that cognizes or takes any notice of the external; get to doubt of the existence of the very thing that doubts. They get to believe in the reality of dollars, and houses, and lands, and to doubt quite seriously of the real existence and worth of the only thing that can notice and value the other. They can not see reason to believe in the soul, in the world within them, while they see and believe in only a world of matter outside them. Others, with Berkley, stop short at the first dictate of consciousness and believe in their own existence, and ignore the world of matter all around them, as it flows in upon them through the five ivory-gates of sensation in wonderful tides of colors, shapes, melodies, flavors, and perfumes, forgetful of the second dictate of consciousness, namely, that for every effect there must be a sufficient cause; hence that there must be something outside of us which causes, and thus *corresponds* to this world of sensation within us which we perceive.

Most persons really think they know something or even all about this world outside of us, because they seem to see it, and hear it, and touch, and taste, and smell it. My object in writing this article is to *demonstrate* that we *absolutely know nothing* at all about it—about the external world of matter—except that it is there outside of us, and is the unknown cause of our sensations; that it sustains to the world of sensation within us merely the relation of cause to effect, and that that relation is positively all that we know of it.

Minds accustomed to reflection are aware that all sensations are within us; and to them the mere reflection that all we know of the external world is, that it is capable of exciting within us certain sensations, and, therefore, there must be an external world to cause these sensations, is sufficient to demonstrate my theorem.

But the mass of persons can not comprehend this; and very few indeed, even of thinkers, thoroughly comprehend the truth on this subject. To make myself thoroughly understood, I purpose to illustrate my thought by a few examples, and, if these be really understood, all can easily transfer the same ideas to all cases, and see clearly that we know absolutely nothing of the world of matter external to us, excepting that it must be there, and that it *corresponds* merely to the world of sensation it has excited within us.

Before we go on we must have clear and philosophical ideas of the relation that cause bears to effect.

1. A cause is some phenomenon that invariably is observed to precede another phenomenon. The first thing or occurrence is then called the cause of the second, which is called the effect of the first. This really comprises all our knowledge of the relation between cause and effect. Why the effect invariably follows the cause (conditions being the same) no one knows. The wisest can only say that God is the unknown tie that binds effects to their causes; that that is the mode of his being, of his manifesting himself as law and order in his universe; that God is the cause why effects follow their causes.

2. A cause is not the same thing as the effect. I strike you with a stick. Many effects follow from this blow. One is a physical injury and pain; another is a wound to your spirits, and anger or grief. All will see that the blow is one thing, the physical and spiritual wound, the pain and anger, are very different things. They are no more the same than the father and child are the same. See this clearly, and bear it in mind as a torch to light our pathway as we go on.

3. A cause is a *totally different*, and *distinct*, and *other* thing from its effect. This is seen in the above, and follows from it. Here are three similar little white powders; as things you can hardly distinguish between them; yet, similar as they are, they will produce three effects, each totally different from its cause and from each other. One is a grain of tartar emetic; another, a grain of morphia; the third, of strychnia. The first little white powder causes nausea and vomiting. What totally different things from that little white powder! The second causes deep and profound stupor and sleep. How different, how totally unlike the powder of morphia! The third causes horrible spasms, in seeing which you see something totally unlike the powder of strychnia!

4. You never can tell any thing at all of a cause from seeing an effect, except the mere, naked fact that it bears to it the relation of cause; that it must have caused it, or preceded it as its cause. We have seen above how totally unlike effects are from causes; that they have nothing at all in common. They are unlike in essence, form, and in all conceivable modes of comparing them. When you see the nausea and vomiting, you do *not* see the grain of tartar emetic. You would think any one demented, when looking upon the vomiting, should he assert he saw the grain of tartar emetic, and, if asked to tell you what he knew of it, how it looked, etc., should he go on to say it was a horrible sensation in the stomach, a retching and throwing up from the stomach of all its contents, you would say at once he was mistaken; that he was describing the effect and not the cause, as the cause was a totally different thing from that, and unlike it in every respect. When you see heavy, deep sleep, that is one thing to see; when you see its cause, the grain of morphia, that is another and totally different thing. So with strychnia; you may see that, and again you may see the spasms it has caused, or you may see one and not see or know aught about the other. If, seeing the spasms, you should imagine you were seeing the strychnia which caused them, and should go on describing the grimaces of the features, the sudden and violent muscular contractions distorting every limb, etc., all would know you were seeing the effect, but not the cause. Understand clearly, that when you see the spasms you do *not* see the strychnia; that when you see a child you do *not* thereby see its *parent*. They are two totally distinct things, and must be kept always distinct. Understand clearly, thus, that you may behold an effect and yet not thereby see the cause. Understand this clearly, or my whole light will be but thick darkness to thee. You may know all about the physical nature, chemical constitution, color, height, taste, form of crystals, etc., of these three powders, and yet thereby you would obtain no knowledge of their effects, vomiting, sleep, and spasms; and so, also, you may know all about the phenomena of vomiting, sleep, and convulsions, studied merely by themselves, and thereby gain absolutely no true knowledge of the tartar emetic, morphia, and strychnia, their physical appearance, nature, color, weight, taste, etc.

To apply these conclusions now to our subject.

1. As I sit in my chamber here writing, I am conscious of certain sounds that, by previous experience, I refer to a neighbor across the street playing upon the violin. Let us stop and analyze this, and see what I know and what I don't know. I am conscious of sound, and that something has caused that sensation in me. "Nothing can act but where it is." Yet my musical neighbor across the street acts upon me here in my room. I am the *subject* in which exists the sensation of sound. The string of my neighbor's violin is the *object* that causes this sensation in me. Yet "nothing can act but where it is." How is this? There is the string of the violin across the street, and here am I some hundred feet of space distant therefrom. Clearly there must be some medium between us two, present to both; and that medium in this case is the atmosphere of air. People commonly suppose there is sound first in the violin string, then in the air, and then in us. Let us see what is really the scientific truth in this matter. The sensation of sound, being a sensation, is entirely a spiritual thing—entirely an effect produced within our spirit-world of sensation by a certain number of vibrations in the air outside of us, and those vibrations are in their turn caused by the vibrations of my neighbor's violin-string. Let us separate and distinguish between these phenomena as we do between the child and parent, or the morphia and the sleep. There is no sound in the string—not the slightest; but merely a certain number of vibrations or swingings back and forth each second. That is all. That string vibrating is not sound. Then there is no sound in the undulations of air. There is merely undulation, waving to and fro of air, that is entirely all. But in us, in the interior spiritual world within us, as spirits, and not as matter, is the sensation we call sound, and nowhere else. Within us is the sound; next, as a cause to this effect, is the air waving to and fro so many thousand times each second (counted by the wonderful little instrument properly named the "Syren"), and, next beyond the air, is the vibrating string of catgut. There is no sound in that string. A vibrating string is not sound. There is no sound in the air. Air waving back and forth is a very different and distinct thing from a sound. The sound is only in my mind—is a sensation of spirit. Take any mind, therefore, and there would positively be no such thing as sound, but mere waves of air and vibrating of strings. There is no ticking of my clock up there when I am gone out. It is positively true that if there were no interior world of mind in existence there would positively be no sounds. All sounds, melodies, and harmonies, then, have no real and true existence, except in the interior world of mind, which, in itself, is the great organ-instrument of the universe, ever played upon by the master-spirit of harmony. That is over all, yet in all. Outside are mere vibrations and swingings to and fro of air and other things. The world of music and melody really exists nowhere but within the human spirit. Destroy this interior spirit-world and truly the silence of death pervades the universe. Vibrations of strings and undulations of air falling upon the granite rock or the leafy tree can cause no sensation of sound therein. The universe is mute outside of the spirit-world within us.

By the ear, then, we merely know there is something outside of us that causes and thus corresponds to sounds, melodies, and harmonies. But it, the ear by *itself*, teaches us nothing whatever of these exterior vibrations of air and strings that cause these sounds. That is all that the ear demonstrates to us of a world outside of us. Give us hearing, and let us have no other senses, and all will then clearly perceive we should and could absolutely know *nothing* of the vibrations of the string or of the air. They would be all entirely unknown to us. The world of sounds, melodies, and harmonies, let me repeat, exists nowhere but *within us*, in the world of spirit-sensation; and the undulation of air and string outside is no more sound, and no more like it, than the little white powder of strychnia is like and the same thing as spasms.

2. I look up through my open window this beautiful night, and up there, in the blue, starry distance, I see the moon. Still up beyond that, far even beyond conception, are the silent, bright stars. Here am I in my chamber, and up there is that little, bright spot in the blue, and it acts upon me here. I see it. "Nothing can act but where it is." Well, am I there, or does the star pay me a friendly visit here in my room, in my brain, even? Or is there a medium that is here where I am in my room, in my brain, and there with the star, even with the dimmest speck in Herschell or Rosse's telescope, and so it telegraphs its presence to me through the infinite depths? What does science declare? In my mind is the sensation of light more or less dim or bright? That is one sure fact. Outside of me, science needs and must have an all-pervading ocean, or universe. I might better name it, of inconceivable subtile ether. This ether undulates as much more easily and rapidly than the ocean of air as it exceeds the air in tenuity. And these ethereal undulations are caused by whatever things can thus be rendered visible to us. This ether and the star we know nothing whatever about, except as external causes of the sensation of light within us. The star there causes, in some entirely unknown manner, undulations in this ether; and this ether, by its undulations, is supposed to cause the effect within us in the spirit-sensation, called light, color, shape, and form. Is there light in that star, in the sun, even? Think a moment. Scientific men say (they know nothing about it, but this is their supposition) that there is a certain unknown arrangement of atoms in the star, sun, or other visible thing. I should prefer to say a certain inconceivable motion of its atoms. In either case there is obviously no light, or color, or shape in atomic arrangement or motion. Next, caused by this atomic arrangement or motion, is an inconceivably rapid undulation or waving to and fro of this all-pervading ethereal medium. Well, these ethereal undulations are ethereal undulations. They are not light, and color, and form. But they *cause in us*, in the world within us of spirit-sensation, all *light*, all *colors*, all *forms*, which thus exist nowhere outside of us, but only *within the mind*. Within the mind alone is the delicate and beautiful form and color of the rose and the violet, the glory of the sunset and the brightness of the noonday sun, and the darkness of cloudy midnight. Outside of us, of this spirit-realm of the mind, are merely totally unknown ethereal undulations and atomic arrangement or motion; and these undulations and atomic arrangements or motions are not light, color, and form, and no more resemble them than tartar emetic is vomiting, or any thing like it. Science can even go so far as to calculate and tell you how many millions of millions of times this subtile ether undulates to and fro every second to cause in you the sensation of red, how many to cause the sensation in you of blue, of purple, of green, or of violet. It can also truly tell you how many millions of millions of these little waves swing within the boundaries of a single inch to cause in you the sensation of red, or of blue, or of green, just as science tells you how many thousand undulations of air each second produce in you the sensation of A in music; how many thousand cause B and C, and so through the whole scale of musical sounds. These ethereal undulations are no more the red color than the aërial undulations are the musical tone of A, or than the morphia is the sleep, or the strychnia is the spasms. The one is the cause of the other. That is absolutely all the eye enables us to know of the material world outside of us. As the world of sounds, melodies, and harmonies, then, have no real existence but in the mind, in the realm of spirit-sensation within us, so is it also true that the glorious, most wonderful world of light and shadow, of color and form, exists nowhere but in the mind—nowhere but in the realm of spirit-sensation within us. And outside of us there is no light or darkness; no hue of color; no beauty of form. The glory of the sun, the silver brightness of the moon, the gorgeous beauty of form and color in the sunset clouds, the tints of the autumn-forest, of the waving leaf, of bird and flower; all light and shade, all colors and forms, all the beauty that bathes and broods over the universe, as we see it, exist nowhere but in the mind, in the spirit-world of sensation. Like sounds, melodies, and harmonies, they are properties, not of matter outside of us, but states of us as spirits. As the spirit is the lyre of the universe, so is it likewise the painter and the painting of the universe. Say, rather, that God paints through and upon the spirit of man the whole picture-panorama he seems to see outside and apart from himself.

3. So with the touch. I seem to touch this table. Science demonstrates that we can not physically touch, actually come in contact with any thing. Really we touch not matter, but only the resistance of the hidden matter to closer contact. I have the sensation of resistance. Something entirely unknown, had we merely the sense of touch, stops my finger. It can not go on. I have thereby the sensation in me of impenetrability, of solidity, of extension, of roughness, smoothness, etc. But these sensations are all within me. Without is an altogether unknown something of which I only know one thing—it causes within me these sensations of solidity, impenetrability, extension, etc., which are, therefore, not properties of matter, but conditions or states of the spiritual "me." They exist nowhere but in my mind—in the spirit-realm of sensation. Outside of this spirit-world of me is an altogether unknown something that stands in the same relation to these sensations as tartar emetic does to vomiting. You are struck with a stick. No one commits such a mistake as to attach the pain it causes to the stick as a property thereof. The stick is one thing, the pain it causes another and totally different thing. The pain you know has no existence outside of you, of your spirit-sensation. The same stick strikes a stone, and there is no pain. The undulations of air, put in motion by the violin-string, fall upon the rock and there is no sound. The undulations of the ether, put in motion by the sun, fall anywhere but upon a spirit, and there is no light.

4. I apply the strawberry, the lemon, or a particle of quinia to my tongue. I at once seem to taste the flavor of the first, the acidity of the second, and the bitterness of the third. All these sensations exist alone in me, in my spirit-world of sensation. Outside of me, supposing I have no other sense than taste, is an altogether unknown something, of which I merely know this one thing, that it causes within me acidity, bitterness, etc. The acidity is no more in the lemon or a property of it, nor the bitterness in the quinia or a property of it, than pain is in the stick, or stupor in the morphia. Within the "sensing" spirit alone is the world of flavors.

5. So when I seem to smell the rose, the perfume is nowhere but in my own mind, in my own spirit-world of sensation. Let smell be my only sense, and when I perceive the odor, all I should know of the rose would be that there is an altogether unknown something outside of me which causes within me the effect called odor. In the sensation of spirit alone exist all perfumes, all sweet odors of rose and honeysuckle, of sweet-brier and magnolia. The wondrous, divine spirit-world of man is thus not only the world-lyre upon which are ever trembling the melodies and harmonies of the world, not only the picture-panorama of lights, tints, and shapes in which the universe glows. It alone perfumes the rose and all sweet flowers. God's name is thus not only Jehovah, the essence and life and being of all things, but the artist. He is, by and through man his child and receptacle, the musician, and melody, and harmony; he is the painter and beauty that broods over and bathes all things; he is perfume and all sweet odors. Were there no mind, no interior world of spirit-sensation, there would be absolutely no such things in existence as odors, flavors, solidity, extension, impenetrability, light, shadow, color, shapes, sound, melody, and harmony. All these are states or conditions only of the spirit, and exist alone in the interior world of spirit-sensation. Thus it is absolutely true that we know nothing at all of the external world of matter, of its essences, forms, etc., except the mere fact of its existence apart from us, as an altogether unknown, untouched, unseen, unheard, untasted, unsmelt, unimaginable, and inconceivable hidden essence, or somewhat that causes within us as prescient spirits the infinite phantasmagoria of magic colors, forms, sounds, flavors, odors, etc., which we perceive within us, but which, by a law of our being, we involuntarily project and seem to perceive without us—

> "All living things that are,
> Form outward shadows of a pure ideal,
> Fashioned from heaven within man's inner thought.
> Man is himself the actual and real,
> And Nature but a picture-world outwrought
> To image forth in space the tones and numbers
> Of loves and wisdoms that within him lie.
> The worlds and spheres are but the ante-chambers,
> But man the temple of Divinity."

In soberest truth, we only know there is an external world as a necessary cause for the existence of the phenomenal world of sensation within us. This external, material world, as we call it, is altogether invisible, unheard, unfelt, untasted, and unsmelt. In this sphere of effects we can know no more of it than we could, from witnessing the act of vomiting, know of the color, form, essence, or appearance of tartar emetic. We should simply know there must of necessity be some cause for the phenomena we were witnessing, but from these effects we could never obtain any correct knowledge of the physical nature, essence, form, color, taste, etc., of the tartar emetic. When we pass into the world of causes we may then, and not until then, form as truthful ideas of causes as we now do of the phenomenal world of effects in which we now exist, and which exists only within us. *This world of causes is not so remote, then, as most suppose.*

The sensation we call heat exists in the same manner alone within us as spirits. It is a state of spirit-sensation. Outside of us is supposed an altogether unknown substance which causes the effect we feel. Chemists name this unknown but real thing caloric, which is a mere cloak to hide our utter, entire learned ignorance of the cause of heat. Do I mean to say that the tree standing out there in the moonlight, which I have touched and felt of with my hands, which I see now with my eyes with a shape and color, and waving its leaves in the wind, as I can hear them rustling now with my ears, the perfume from whose white blossoms was so sweet to me last May, do I mean to say there is nothing there as I perceive it? There is something there, but nothing *really* is as I *perceive* it. That is what I mean to say. There is an essential something (you may call it matter, atomic repulsion, or what you please) that I seem to touch, but which never can be touched or felt. There is an unknown essence, or being, or substance, or atomic repulsion there that causes and thus corresponds to the sensation within me, which thus *represents* that untouched, unfelt matter. There is a true and real form, as every essence can only be and exist in and by a form; and thus the essence or matter of the tree is there in some real form, which causes and thus corresponds to the shape in me, but which form is as unlike the shape in my mind which I see as the form of morphia is unlike the form or appearance of deep stupor. The tree's true form is unknown—is not visible in the shape it appears to have in my mind. The color it appears to have is in my mind alone, and not in the leaves, bark, etc., of the invisible tree. It may have a true and real color, as it has a real essence and form, but of that color I can form no idea from the color that appears in my mind as the effect. They are as unlike as strychnia and the convulsions it causes. So with the perfume and motion. Something unknown, un-find-out-able, must be there corresponding to and causing the sensation and idea in my mind, but no more like the apparent perfume and motion than a blow is like the pain it causes. It is absolutely true that the tree which I see, and hear, and touch, and smell, is alone in my interior world of spirit-sensation, and nowhere else; and it is also equally true that there must be outside of me an altogether unknown tree, whose real essence has never been touched or felt, whose real form is invisible, whose real color is unseen, and of which, altogether, we know nothing, but that it is there and causes the tree within me.

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[*] What becomes of the devil in the light of this truth, or of absolute evil?

These thoughts give us more truthful conceptions of ourselves. All things without, of which we have any idea, have their correspondents and representatives within us. God, universes, systems, histories, sciences, philosophies, religions, oceans, mountains, rivers, trees, flowers, crystals, beauty, music, heat, and light, all we know of all these, all we know of all things, exist alone as we see them, in the microcosm within our Spirit. There is, indeed, within the human soul more vast, more glorious, more divine, more comprehensive realms than aught outside of us. In fresher light, with deeper joy, we perceive how that we are the children of the Divine and Infinite Spirit in whom are all things and all things in him. "He in us and we in him." We see which world we know most of, and which we have most reason to believe in and esteem. Within this vast, unfathomable, phenomenal universe of the Spirit what mysteries! what glories! what beauty! what heights! what depths! But without is thick darkness; a merely unknown world of causes into which we have not entered, and into which we can not penetrate, unless, perhaps, through the gate of death.

As "nothing can act but where it is," we see how true it is that sensation is the medium between the inmost "me" and the external world, and seems to stand between the two, between the internal and the external. Sensation must be to the spirit-form what the surface of skin or touch is to the physical man. Vast as this sensational universe is, yet it is but the merest surface to the thrice-mysterious depths and glories of the universes of thought, and deeper still and thrice-sublime, of love. Eternal life will hardly suffice to explore these heavens within us—to teach us ourselves.

The external appears in and to each according to the nature and the perceiving organs of each individual. Change the internal, perceiving nature, and you change the whole universe to him. Change the eye or ear and you equally change all things. Hence, as no two individuals have the same, identical, percipient natures or organs, so no two individuals in the "wide, wide world" can by any possibility see the same world, and the external appears very differently at different times to the same person. The external, remember, is merely the internal projected and imaged outside of us, and hence must vary and change as we do. Let the mind be joyous, and nature smiles and is clothed in light, and makes sweetest harmonies to us. Let sorrow cast the shadow of its dark wing over us, and heaven and earth catch the brooding gloom. As we are, so to us is nature; so is heaven; so is God. I *must* see them, and all things, as I *am*, and *not as you are*. Let us, then, ever agree to differ harmoniously, and by our very friendly difference produce an otherwise impossible harmony, while we admit that God alone, as the inmost of all things, sees and knows all as they really are.

As with the external eye we perceive nature, with a more internal and spiritual one we perceive beauty, wisdom, and truth; with a more spiritual ear alone we hear harmony; and with a more spiritual, more interior touch, we feel goodness and love. The ox sees an external world as so much green and altogether satisfying pasturage for him. So the human soul, buried in sensual materiality, sees so many acres of land good for lumber, for potatoes, to fill his stomach and his purse. Not much more than the ox has he yet opened the interior spiritual senses to perceive the beauty, the wisdom, the love, the perfection in the landscape and the world around him. The ox hears sounds, but no harmonies. There is to it an interior world of sensation corresponding to its mere animal appetites and desires, but no deeper world of nobler desires and appetites within that mere surface. Within man is not alone the superficial world of forms, colors, sounds, perfumes, etc., but a deeper, more divine universe, where dwell beauty, harmony, love, truth, all that we have divine, and God is the inmost world of all. The spiritual Greeks called the Maker "Poietes," or Poet, as we translate it; as his divine work, or book, or poem, they named Cosmos, or "the Beautiful." With them God was not the "Jehovah," the "I Am," of rude Israelites, but the Universe-poet, and what a poem he is ever hearing and singing! He is the builder, the architect, and what temples of spirit and matter he builds! He is the artist-heart of this Cosmos. He builds suns and microscopic insects with equal love and perfection. With the same hands he forms milky-ways of suns, and beds of modest violets. He molds the leaves and petals of the rose, the forget-me-not, and apple-blossom, with what graceful and delicate lines and shapes of loveliness! And see how he has painted them and sprinkled them with his fragrant perfumes! How lavish of his beauty in wings of insects, in plumes of birds, and in the fading sunset clouds! Yes, God is indeed the poet, and painter, and builder, and singer; and every thing which we can know or imagine good and lovely, and to be desired, is but a welling up from the deep of God within us. He is truly love. He is indeed beauty and harmony. Think of all that is lovely and worthy of the longing desire of the human heart, and that is a little shadow of the Infinite Reality of which all things are but feeblest shadows which hide and yet reveal him. Our highest aspirations after him, our noblest conceptions of him, are ever, also, but a reflection of him mirrored within ourselves. How noble, then, is man, made in his image and likeness!

My friend! as you sit by your window at the calm, sweet evening hour, and through the eye streams in upon you the soft landscape of mingling, harmonious lights, and shades, and colors, of dusky hill and glimmering river, of earth melting into the blue heaven, and in the west such a sea of glories; as through the charmed ear flow in such tides of softened, commingled sound of laughing children, waving and rustling leaves, the evening-song of the robin or whip-poor-will, and the far distant boat-horn from the canal; as, dear spirit-friend, yet for a little while clogged and cumbered with your clayey prison-walls, you sit, while the whole, wonderful, mysterious ocean of beauty and peace pours in upon you; all you seem to see, and hear, and feel, so beautiful, so divine in earth and heaven, truly exists nowhere but in that all-comprehending universe within yourself. Not one particle is outside of you. The most distant nebulæ that feebly glimmers through Rosse's telescope circles in that world within you. You comprehend it, and all else that you know or feebly imagine. Of what a kingdom you are master! Nay! kingdom is but a sorry word. What a God's universe you are! Know and respect thyself! Know and respect thy brother! Know, too, that thou art but a mere receptacle of the Divine, and rejoice that thou canst always look to him for all needs. For thou dost and canst not perceive thy needs so much as thy Father delights wisely to supply them. He never creates a need without its supply. Love thy Father. Trust in him. Thou canst not help loving and trusting him if thou knowest him aright. Look for him in the violet at thy feet, in all things, but chiefly in the human soul as his chiefest, divinest work and poem, and do thy work rejoicing and making melody in your heart":

"There's an Infinite Mind that all mind inspires;
There's an Infinite Heart that man's bosom fires;
There's an Infinite Breath from the Infinite Soul
Inflowing through all and beyond control.
There's an Infinite Sphere in which all things lie;
It encircles all skies—'tis the parent sky.
There's an Infinite Presence everywhere,
And it beats like a pulse in each globe of air.
There's an Infinite Will of an Infinite Cause,
And it twines throughout nature's harmonic laws."

Georgetown, D. C., *Aug.* 12, 1854.

FOR THE TELEGRAPH.

A SISTER SPIRIT'S PRAYER.

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO H. ——

BY BELINDA A. HALL.

Spirit of the great Eternal!
Thou of light and life primeval!
Hear our prayer!
Look upon our darling brother,
We commend him, gracious Father,
To thy care.

Let a gleam of light from heaven
Be unto his bosom given,
Let its rays,
O'er his darkened vision stealing,
Some bright Spirit-scene revealing
To his gaze,

Teach him that he is immortal;
And, that when he bursts the portal
Of the tomb,
Angel bands shall greet his vision,
To dispel with scenes elysian
All its gloom.

We have watched him all untiring,
Oft repulsed, yet ne'er despairing
Of our ground;
Strove to save through every danger,
Warned, entreated, when in error
He was found—

All unseen around have hovered,
When dark storms above him lowered,
And have wept
O'er his soul—with sorrow seething—
In the night-watch, comfort breathing
While he slept;

And, when maddened into frenzy,
O'er him plunge, with heightened fury,
Waves of grief,
Till his soul in anguish tossing,
Lethe in the wine-cup quaffing
Sought relief;

Could he but have heard the warning,
Which above the din was sounding
In his heart,
Begging him to flee temptation,
And from God-endowed possession
Ne'er to part—

Had he heard the angel-voices,
And have seen the angel-faces
Near him there—
When all earthly chords were riven,
Had he felt the ties of Heaven,
Heard the prayer

That from hearts of love was gushing,
Seen the home for him preparing
In the skies;
Heard the joyous shout of welcome
That receives each weary pilgrim
When he dies;

He would not have sold his birth-right,
While its worth in Heaven's own sunlight
Had been seen;
And caused hearts, with anguish bleeding,
To see signs of promise fading
Like a dream.

Yet there's hope, the Day is dawning—
Through dark clouds of error, breaking,
Beams the light;
Father! Father! save our brother,
Must we see his noble nature,
In its might,

To the god of Bacchus bowing,
And, like orb of glory, sinking
Into night!
Oh, reveal the death-drops falling
From the Upas o'er him bending,
To his sight!

Let him stand in moral freedom,
For the right a noble champion
May he prove;
Purify, exalt each passion,
Make him in his every action
Speak thy love.

With a boundless, deathless yearning,
And a love that knows no changing,
Once again
From the heart's deep fountain, Father!
Pray we for our erring brother—
Thrice amen!

Troy, N. Y., *July*, 1854.

DIGEST OF CORRESPONDENCE.

J. K. Durfee, of Carbondale, Pa., writes that a friend of his, being on a journey, and a hundred miles distant, was impressed that a communication to him had been rapped out through a Miss E. Rickards, of Carbondale, and requested him (Mr. D.) to go and inquire if such were the case. Our correspondent accordingly repaired to the house of the medium, and found his friend's impression fully verified, and that a communication adapted to his case had been rapped out for him some few days previously. Mr. D. sends us the communication, with others given through the same medium, and which we omit as they are mainly of personal interest. Spiritualism appears to have obtained a permanent footing in Carbondale.

A Kelly Pease, of Lowell, Mass., writes us concerning the state of Spiritualism in that city. He says they have five or six well-developed mediums possessing different "gifts." Among these he mentions a Mr. Pike, through whom some faith-compelling tests have been given in the way of diagnosticating and prescribing for disease. He is also a speaking medium, and Spirits purporting to be of different nations, and to have lived on the earth in different ages, use his vocal organs for utterance in their various languages, with which he himself is totally unacquainted. They have a sufficient number of circles, and intend, when the weather is cooler, to have public lectures. So the cause in that city of spindles seems to be in an advanced and advancing state.

SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH.

S. B. BRITTAN, EDITOR.

"Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind."

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1854.

THE TRIBUNE'S ASSAULTS.

In the New York *Tribune* of the 1st instant an article appeared on the leading editorial page which evidently was not written by Mr. Greeley, but by one who has heretofore earned an unenviable reputation by giving publicity in that journal to many weak and ridiculous things, bearing such titles as "Ghost Literature," "Ghost Seers," "Ghostly Intelligence," etc. The above titles appear to comprise about all the appropriate ones which the writer's vocabulary of contemptuous epithets affords. Hence, the present effort is *untitled*. But it may be convenient, on the whole, when a man has a false, mean, or libelous thing to say or do, to resort to such a covert manner as shall leave others the least possible opportunity to point out and characterize such perverted creations of the mind and heart. This the writer in the *Tribune* has done; he even boasts in the same connection that the authorship of these articles can not be ascertained. From this it plainly appears that he has not the manliness to stand out by himself, but shrinks from the responsibility of his own act. He is like one who runs in among his compeers and then hurls poisoned arrows into a crowd expecting to escape a just retribution merely because no one can identify the assailant.

But the invisible and irresponsible author of "Ghost Literature," etc., in his last unscrupulous attack on the Spirits, exposes nothing so clearly as he does his own extreme nervous irritability, the strength of his prejudice and résentment, and, withal, his inexcusable ignorance of the whole subject on which he presumes to enlighten others. It should be observed that the article before us mainly relates to the *New Era* and the "New Motor;" we may therefore appropriately leave our editorial friend at the East to dispose of its main features in his own way. There is, however, one remark so general and sweeping that we can not permit it to pass unnoticed in this connection. The writer, while referring to "the doctrines of free sexual affinities," makes the following reckless statement:

> "It is quite commonly taught by the Spirits that the union of man and woman ought not only be based on spiritual compatibility, but that as the inner attraction varies, the outward relations should also be made to change, thus securing as frequent, if not as religiously motived, a change of partners as obtains among the Oneida Perfectionists."

The *Tribune* is accustomed to characterize all such oblique statements, respecting its own principles and practices, as *falsehood*. We should be glad to use a milder term, though the circumstances fail to suggest one more appropriate to the occasion. We confidently assert, that every Spiritualist, and, indeed, every man who has spent *three hours* in the investigation knows, absolutely, that the views expressed in the above extract ARE NOT "*commonly taught by the Spirits*" *at all*, and, moreover, we assure the writer, whoever he may be, that no man can continue to publish such foolish, absurd, and libelous statements and preserve a decent reputation for good feeling and ordinary veracity. The truth as "commonly taught by Spirits" is utterly at war with his gross assumptions. They generally inculcate the idea that "the inner attraction" by which the conjugal relation *among them* is determined *does not vary*, in itself, and that it requires no such changes in "the outward relations" of individuals as this writer asserts. The purpose of the article under review can not well be mistaken. The author obviously designed to represent that a large class of Spiritualists are so extremely flexible in their morals that they are disposed to follow wherever fancy, caprice, or lust may lead the way, in the formation of such temporary sexual unions as are, to use his own language, "congenial to the merely sensual man." Not satisfied with slandering mortals in this way, he asserts that such practices are sanctioned and "commonly taught by the Spirits;" while in the United States alone there are, perhaps, half a million witnesses ready to testify that this statement and the truth are as opposite as the poles.

We have doubtless devoted quite as much time to the investigation of spiritual subjects as any editor of a secular paper in this city, and we have never happened to meet with one spirit who inculcated, or even approved the ideas which the *Tribune's* man with the mask so distinctly ascribes to Spirits. Has our uncourteous accuser forgotten that the *Herald* and other journals, some time since, charged him and his associates with advocating ideas which tended to licentiousness? If we may trust our memory, it was about the time when the journal, of whose principles he is supposed to be a representative, entered with much enthusiasm into the philosophy of *Association* as taught by Charles Fourier. Coupled with a dim recollection of those days, we have a vivid impression, that the experience of the principal writer on "Ghost Literature," unpleasant as it probably was, did not make him candid and respectful toward others, nor have the Spirits of the other world been able to correct his manners.

The author of the nameless article under review evidently knows nothing whatever of Spiritualism. It may be doubtful whether he is qualified by nature or education to comprehend its philosophy, but he might at least obtain some knowledge respecting such facts as are open to universal observation. Until he has fairly reached the introduction to the new revelations, the writer in the *Tribune* should neither presume to set himself up as a teacher, nor venture to dispute the contents of the great volume, which to him is a sealed book. The very subject, which he only treats with bitter scorn and coarse mockery, is to thousands fraught with the purest joy and the highest incentives to a pure life of great and honorable endeavor. It is the spring of the loftiest aspirations, and the source of the divinest consolation, to many crushed and desponding hearts. And yet this vain scribe, grown proud, arrogant, and irascible in his unbelief, profanely scoffs at the best proofs of his own immortality, dips his sacrilegious pen in gall and wormwood, and at last writes himself down as a public defamer alike of men and angels.

SPIRITUALISM A CURE FOR INSANITY.

> The Insane.—It appears from the statistical returns of the several Insane Asylums in the United States, that there are not to exceed one fourth of the insane enumerated in the last census, now under treatment in those institutions.—*Exchange.*

One principle reason—perhaps *the* principal one—why there were four times as many insane people in the several retreats one year ago as at present, may be found in the fact that hundreds of persons in process of development as media were at that time packed off by their friends (?) to the madhouse. *The few instances in which the believers in Spiritualism were really insane, they were evidently made so, with rare exceptions, by the stupid opposition or malignant persecution of others.* We said at that time, that the madmen were chiefly among those who blindly opposed the Spirits, and eagerly pursued their feeble instruments; we exposed the gross error and downright cruelty of their course, and rebuked the Press for its pertinacity in reiterating the charge that the media and the believers were all "monomaniacs." But they had, for the most part, neither the time to examine for themselves, nor the patience to reason with us. At length, however, the excited elements have settled down into a profound calm, the opposition having fairly exhausted itself by the violence of its own paroxysms. At last it is sufficiently manifest, we trust, that very many *opposers of Spiritualism* who were never sent to the Lunatic Asylums ought to have been, inasmuch as they were characterized by a far more desperate madness than was ever exhibited by those believers who were thus confined.

We ask the press, and the opposition generally, to notice this significant fact: *During the past year the number of Spiritualists has probably been doubled at least, and yet, according to your own showing, the number of inmates of "the several Insane Asylums in the United States" does "not exceed one fourth of the insane enumerated in the last census."* At length, by accident, the truth is out; and it does not precisely accord with the gross assumption that, one year ago, was repeated by seven out of every ten of the religious and secular journals of this country, *viz.*, that "Spiritualism tends to insanity." No, gentlemen, but according to your own showing, *while the Spiritualists have doubled* their numbers in the United States, the number of *the insane has been immensely reduced*. At this rate, Spiritualism will soon convert and rationalize the world. Now if any editor who abused the subject and its friends last year, has since been converted or confounded, he may—if he has sufficient magnanimity, and can afford to be just—just copy this article. Oh, persecuting scribes! if you have not repented, it is time you had; if you have repented, make haste and show it by your works.

ABOUT THE AVERAGE STANDARD.

The Editor of the *Independent* pays a very doubtful compliment to the saints in the following brief but significant paragraph:

> "The great railroad robber in this city, whose name is likely to characterize that species of crime, we believe made no profession of godliness, but was esteemed in business as an honorable and upright man. His Boston compeer in infamy is a member of a prominent church in that city. It is not true, however, as our Boston correspondent represented, that he has been an active church member. His voice has not been heard in the prayer-meeting, and he has been known often to neglect that meeting for railroad conferences. Of his reported benevolence, too, it is enough to say, that his only subscription of $1,000 to the American Board remains unpaid. Still his Christian character was unimpeached: as fair, perhaps, as the average character of church members."

We are not unconscious of the fact, that some men manage for a while to keep up a respectable *reputation* before the world, while, at the same time, their very hearts are pregnant with unborn robberies; but it can scarcely, in truth, be said of such men, that *their characters are fair*. But our cotemporary honestly observes, speaking of a certain Boston church member, "that his only subscription of $1,000" to a public charity *was never paid*; and, notwithstanding he is the com*peer of the greatest public robber of modern times*, yet that "*his Christian character was . . as fair, perhaps, as the average character of church members*." This is certainly complimenting the Christians "over the left" in a most direct and forcible manner, and if what the *Independent* intimates is half true, the "house of prayer" has again become "a den of thieves." It is quite possible, however, that our Evangelical neighbor did not mean all that his language implies.

Query. If Robert Schuyler's "compeer in infamy" presents the average standard of moral and Christian rectitude in the churches, pray what must be the maximum development of honesty and Christian disinterestedness among the brethren? If there are any Christians of this particular description more eminent than the examples referred to, we hope they will locate at such a "magnificent distance" from this city, that the aroma of their sanctity may never reach us.

HUMANITARY ENTERPRISE.

We desire to invite the attention of the public, and especially of our city readers, to the philanthropic efforts of Miss M. A. Dow, who called at our office the other day for the purpose of inviting our cooperation in her generous and self-sacrificing endeavors to do good precisely where such laborers are most required. Impelled by a benevolent Spirit, whose promptings she could not resist, Miss Dow left her "Mountain Home" in New Hampshire, and has come here for the purpose of gathering out of the filthy streets and dark lanes of this great city as many of the untaught, vagrant children as she may be able to instruct. Miss Dow has already rented a room for her school at No. 467 Sixth Avenue, between Twenty-eighth and Twenty-ninth Streets. She proposes to take these poor, neglected children from the alleys and hovels of the *lazaroni*, wash them, provide them with comfortable clothing as far as she may be able, give them instructions daily from nine A. M. until three P. M., and provide those who are present to both the morning and afternoon sessions with a plain dinner.

Having stated Miss Dow's object, it remains for us to say that *she wants assistance* to carry out her benevolent intentions. She is certainly laboring with a gentle and loving spirit, but with a strong determination, and we feel assured that the sympathy and assistance which this notice is designed to excite and call forth will be gratefully appreciated and faithfully applied.

Those who may feel moved to assist Miss Dow in her very laudable undertaking can see her at her room, or, if more convenient, contributions of money or clothing may be left with the editor of this paper.

DANGER AND PRAYER.

The *American Sentinel*, published in this city, has the following under the editorial head:

> The Cholera and the "Spirits."—The cholera has commenced its ravages again this summer, and still, as ever, baffles the skill of our physicians. Can't the "Spirit-rappers" get the "Spirits to tell us the nature of the disease, and knock out a recipe for its cure! Now the "Spirits" might do some good if they ever intend to. We would suggest to the "rappers" the prayer of "Old Ira," who was in imminent danger of being drowned, "Oh, Lord! if eber you gwine to help Old Ira, now's de time!"

Old Ira evidently very much resembled many other people; his devotion was born of his fear, and his prayers were fervent in proportion to the magnitude of the threatened evil. The saints of this description are not all "drowned" yet. been led to seek refuge in the Church for fear the would catch them, or with a view of escaping tion, have been influenced by the same motive. itor of the *Sentinel* appears to be devotional manner. Now that the cholera has come he

"A LYRIC OF THE MORNING LAN

The poetic Spirits from whom Bro. T. L. Ha his inspiration have just spoken through his splendid rythmical composition, bearing the above It extends to about Five Thousand Lines, and in Thirty Hours! A poetic friend at our judgment we have great confidence, and who has amined the manuscript, expresses the opinion that at least in an artistic point of view, is decidedly "The Epic of the Starry Heaven," which was publi months since and excited much attention. "The the Morning Land" will be published early in Octo price will be the same as the "Epic," and our friends ward their orders at once. We shall speak of the in a more particular manner hereafter, and give some while it is passing through the press.

Bro. Harris is now in this city, and may be addres present at this office.

CLAIRVOYANCE.

Mrs. J. W. Marks (formerly Mrs. Bushnell), wh voyant powers have given her a wide celebrity, through the West, is now in this city, and will re few weeks at the Water-Cure establishment of Dr. W corner of Twelfth Street and University Place, whe be happy to wait on such friends as may be pleased her professionally, or otherwise. Our personal with Mrs. Marks is neither familiar nor of long co but through Mr. E. W. Capron, the public journals, reliable channels of communication, her deeds and were long since rendered themes of familiar remark.

REMARKS TO A CORRESPONDENT.

G. Safford, of Norfolk, writes expressing much an be convinced of the reality of the alleged spiritual tions. He had read the wonderful stories published Telegraph, and in order to satisfy himself whe things were really so, he called upon a medium, and by the purported Spirits, among other things, that he would be a medium in eight weeks from that time ingly, as that period approached its completion, his more and more influenced, until it was moved to indicate affirmative and negative answers to ques to scribble curious and unintelligible characters up but as no legible writing was ever performed throu that way, he finally began to doubt whether Spir agency in the matter. He therefore earnestly imp send a medium to that place sufficiently developed difficulties, but "not such a one as will make from thirty dollars per day, and leave us in the depths iety and doubt." All we can do in the premises give publicity to our correspondent's request, comm same to the attention of any *well-developed* medium find it convenient to make the journey to Norfolk, the purpose of satisfying our friend's mind, but the such other persons in that city as may be inquiring subject. We would suggest to our friend, however, truth on this subject may lie nearer his own door than now imagine, and if he will *very closely* and carefu to the question, What force or agency was adequate those motions of his arm which he describes as of his own volition, and as indicating intelligence by his questions? he may possibly discover at least through which he may emerge from all his doubts. carefully ponder the evidence he has already had, more is required it will doubtless be given; and we occasion to say to *all* inquirers, that it is not the of facts that produces the deepest conviction, but the *microscopic scrutiny of facts*—it may be sometimes of fact.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Our Honey-Moon, and other Comicalities, from Punch. M'Lenan. New York: Stringer & Townsend.

The fame of the *London Punch* is world-wide. Founded by coterie of wits and satirists, its columns contributed to more ularly by such writers as Jerrold, Thackeray, Lemon, and has long been a more effective scourge of the vanities and times, and a sturdier champion of progress—though profess all seriousness—than any other journal extant. Who has "Candle Papers," its "Snobs," and many other similar sketches, betraying in them keen, satiric humor, the subtlest some of the most celebrated writers of the age. *Punch* has terror of hypocrisies and shams, whether clothed about with robes, or dirtily garbed in the mendicant's rags. This vol sued by Messrs. Stringer & Townsend, in their best style, a collection of rare contributions to *Punch*. "Our Honey-Mo opening sketch, is a most facetious and diverting parody thing. Following this, are "Fitzgerald's Collegiate Experien Natural History of Courtship;" "The Physiology of a Lo Student;" "The Complete Letter-Writer;" "*Punch's Heath* ogy," etc. These sketches are illustrated by the pencil of nan, a Western American boy, whose humor and touch and effective as Cruikshank's. We have been aware of his a designer, but were not prepared to witness so great a triu has exhibited in illustrating this humorous work. Look, read specimens of "Heathen Mythology," and see the work of a H genius. We venture to say that whoever takes up "Our Ho and other Comicalities," will not lay it down short of the " will thank Messrs. Stringer & Townsend for the volume.

The American Cottage Builder. A series of Designs, Plans, and Sp from $200 to $20,000, for Homes for the People. By John Bullock. Stringer & Townsend.

Mr. Bullock is one of the most cultivated and thorough engineers, and designers in this country. The above work, of is the author, compiler, and editor—chiefly the former—is the series from his indefatigable, vigorous, and graceful pen. Th the series was "The History and Rudiments of Architects," "Rudiments of the Art of Building;" and the third, the volu notice. Here Mr. Bullock has presented us with twenty-two ly engraved designs of "homes" and "cottages," embracing style of architecture, the Byzantine, the Italian, the Terra the Farm, the Model, the Thatched, the Prairie, the Octagon, ban, the Rural, etc., with sixty plans and illustrations in sons contemplating building, and desiring some guide in ciding their taste, will find this work just the thing. It ground more completely than any similar publication with are acquainted. Mr. Bullock makes every thing clear, and his subject in a masterly manner. The publishers have spared in the production of the volume, which is as elegant as it is

NEW SHAKSPERIAN TRAGEDY.

We some time ago alluded to a forthcoming Tragedy, purporting to have been impressed through mortal mediums by the Spirit of William Shakspeare, or by a circle of dramatically disposed Spirits, of whom Shakspeare's was predominant. We also stated the fact that the MSS had been read by one of the aforesaid mediums to a critical audience of editors, managers, and actors at the Green-room of a leading theater of this city, which reading produced a profound impression of the superior merits of the Tragedy, even in the minds of those who were not disposed to favor the claims of Spiritualism. Since our paragraph appeared, we have been permitted to read the Tragedy, in printed proof-sheets, the work having been stereotyped for publication and private circulation (player's copies) in England, where, as well as in this country, a copyright has been secured.

The title of the Tragedy is "The Hermit of Malta," it being founded on the story of Bernardo del Carpio, and cotemporary incidents in Spanish history. Its length is about the same as that of Hamlet, four thousand lines, and it was written within three weeks. The persons concerned as "Mediums" in its production are Isaac C. Pray—a name familiar to the readers of the TELEGRAPH—known to the literary and editorial profession, and the author, in years past, of several clever dramas; and Michael John Curran, a grand-nephew of the celebrated orator Curran. Through the latter the plot and stage directions were impressed, and through the former the subject-matter of the Tragedy.

After a careful reading of this remarkable production, we have come to the conclusion that, whatever its claims to Shakspearian origin—and those must be chiefly settled by the intrinsic merits of the drama—"The Hermit of Malta" is worthy of a high rank perforce of its fine plot, effective characters, beautiful sentiments and language, and high spiritual tone. In this latter respect, as in points of plot, it bears a resemblance to the Tragedy of Hamlet. It is highly effective as a reading play, and any one familiar with the stage can understand how much more so it will be when surrounded by those accessories of scenery, costume, and action, so necessary to give the greatest eclat even to Shakespeare's plays. We shall not now express an opinion as to the intrinsic Shakesperianism of "The Hermit of Malta," but we know well the characters of Messrs. Pray and Curran, and are entirely satisfied that there is no collusion between them to deceive the public, and, in fact, that they are morally incapable of any such deception. The Tragedy they have written was undoubtedly impressed on their minds by superior intelligences, and we have not the smallest doubt that they were unconscious of what they were to write until the most positive direction was given to their minds.

There is much that is curious, and corroborative of the peculiar claims of the Tragedy, that we do not feel at liberty to state at present, as the Tragedy may soon be produced at one of our Broadway theaters, where, and within a few weeks thereafter, it is to have its peculiar claims—so the Mediums are impressed—verified in England; where it is to be shown that Shakspeare (living) wrote three acts of a similar Tragedy, which was surreptitiously destroyed because of its assault on Ecclesiasticism, and its spirituality—two marked features of "The Hermit of Malta." One curious and interesting fact in connection is the assurance given by the "Spirit-authors" of this Tragedy, that more dramas will similarly appear until, within two or three years, the number will reach that of Shakspeare's plays. Four or five more, we believe, are under way at this moment, one of which, relating to the foundation of Rome, we have seen.

The prevailing tenor of "The Hermit of Malta" is the exaltation of spiritual over material forces, and the same Spirit, in so far as we have learned, pervades, or is to pervade, the succeeding dramas; the design of the Spirit-authors manifestly being to clothe the stage with a higher and holier spirit than has heretofore possessed it. Certainly all well-wishers of humanity will be deeply interested in the perfect development and success of so noble a design. We await the stage-production of "The Hermit of Malta" with no little impatience—as we are sure many of our readers will when they have read the following brief extracts taken almost at random from the Tragedy, and many of which are much shorn of beauty and strength by displacement from their connections, and by the readers ignorance of the plot.

"Heaven builds no cages for the birds of air,
Whose wings beat at its gates, saluting them
With matin songs, whose swift vibrations shake
The lofty roof of prayerful day."

"I climb,
To learn the hidden secrets of the hour
To an—that glistens like a shore
Of silver, shining 'gainst a sea of ink—
Black as the past, and gloomy as its grave!
Speak out, thou rock, as though the thunder struck
Thine all-remorseless ribs, and split thee up
To show the fragments of the mighty truth."

"Be patient!
Patience, rewarder of the faithful heart,
That like a warder tends at every gate."

"Thy cells contain the narrative I ask—
Or give it up, or else the power that sweeps
In threatening tones, to have thee grant its prayer—
Shall swell to fury so tempestuously
That every pillar of the house shall fall,
And its foundation swirl upon the sand."

"Night rose at morning—morn shall come at night;
And Heaven that guides the sparrow guides the right."

"Foul ye are,
And black conspirators, who seem to wear
A saintly raiment on the heart—within
Are hypocrites and tombs of sin."

"For who made chance and fashioned accident?
A world's absurdity, to mock itself;
For every thing must hinge upon its mate."

"No humble hands there are
In sight of Heaven—or humble instruments!"

"He who gives a cup of water holds
His own heart up, to drink in blessings."

"My ears have caught
The sound, as does the nest its absent mate,
And the spread flower the bee, that seek its food."

"Man can not judge of ills or benefits—
He sees the rind external of the fruit,
But knows not what's within."

"Humility is the round to sovereignty—
Who keeps to that upon the scale, mounts fast."

"Man never had a fancy, save a fact
Was couched within the bottom of the well;
He looks through water, as it twists the shapes
Of things beneath—but let him dive, they're *there*!"

"What letter 's this that throws its pallor up,
To whiten thus thy cheeks with ashy fear?"

"O, woman, woman, how thy heart can plot,
And counterplot, and smile amidst thy ruin!
Strange riddle! Nature's paradox unsolved—
Insolvable!"

"Yet men thus strive—
Do battle with each other, till the grave
Gapes in the passage, swallowing all conceit,
Design of enterprise, renown, ambition!"

"'Tis not alone the trained soldier holds
The crown above the shock of circumstance—
The hardy peasant is surety secure!
Beyond the reach of courts he judges deeds,
And is the truest arbiter."

"Means follow purposes, and deeds designs!
Imagination is reality,
If thoughts evoke the acts which were but thoughts."

◆

PLATO.—Several anecdotes of Plato are preserved, which reflect honor on his moral principles and character. Having raised his hand in anger to correct a servant, he kept his arm fixed in that posture for a considerable time. To a friend coming in, and inquiring the reason of his singular conduct, he replied: "I am punishing a passionate man!" At another time, he said to one of his slaves: "I would chastise you if I were not angry." When told that his enemies were circulating reports to his disadvantage, he remarked: "I will so live that no one will believe them." A friend, observing his studious habits, even in extreme old age, inquired how long he intended to be a scholar? "As long," said he, "as I have need to grow wiser and better."

FACTS AND REMARKS.

CONFERENCE OF AUGUST 29.—The first part of the evening was mainly occupied by Dr. Young, Mr. Fishbough, Mr. Levy, and Uriah Clark in discussions growing out of a *reported* case in which the Spirit of a woman recently deceased was said to have appeared at her *former* earthly residence, and to have struck or shocked a man senseless who attempted to approach her. Without pretending to credit the story, Mr. FISHBOUGH related three cases somewhat similar, and which shall be given in a separate paragraph. Dr. YOUNG mentioned an apparition of a Spirit-man and a dog which had lately been described by a medium, and was recognized by an inquirer who had known him in the flesh. Mr. FISHBOUGH responded to a call for an explanation of the apparition of dogs, horses, etc., as seeming forms of spiritual existence. He spoke at some length in favor of the theory, that life, whether belonging to the human, the animal, or the vegetable kingdom, is absolutely indestructible, and that therefore all things, in certain modified conditions, must necessarily exist, and can be seen, in the Spirit-world, that exist in this world. Dr. HALLOCK mentioned a curious fact in his experience, relating to projection, by the will, of the forms of animals, etc., to the vision of clairvoyants. Dr. H. also related some strong test cases by which an inveterate skeptic had recently been convinced. Dr. YOUNG made some general remarks on what had already been said. URIAH CLARK spoke of the demands of spiritual inquirers, and of the uses of Spiritualism, and instanced cases of good which it had already done. Two or three of these cases strongly demonstrated a tendency of Spiritualism to level aristocracy, and to elevate and equalize human conditions. Dr. GRAY said he had once asked Spirits whether there was any aristocracy in the Spirit-world? They answered, "We have some pitiable instances of aristocracy here." After a pause they added: "Perhaps we should not have said 'pitiable,' because it is soon outgrown." The rest of the evening was occupied mostly in a discussion between Dr. GRAY and Mr. FISHBOUGH as to whether Spirits, in their normal state as Spirits in the Spirit-world, could see the material things of this world—Dr. G. taking the affirmative, and Mr. F. the negative.

SHOCKING SPIRITUAL DETAILS.—Speaking of the power which Spirits possess and sometimes exercise, to *shock* and *prostrate* persons who intrude upon localities which they have taken possession of, Mr. Fishbough, at the Spiritual Conference, related the following cases:

FIRST CASE.—The first occurred nearly two hundred years ago, and is recorded by Rev. Joseph Glanvil, chaplain to the king of England, who had it from one of the parties concerned. A Dutch lieutenant, walking arm in arm with a Mr. Broom, in the streets of the town of Woodbridge, England, said, "Yonder comes a ghost." He said the ghost was opposite such a house, and that he walked looking upward to the side of the street, swinging one arm with a glove in his hand. Presently he said the apparition was near them, and that they must give way and let it pass, or they might experience unpleasant consequences. His incredulous companion, however, forcibly held him directly in the way where he alleged the ghost was passing, when he experienced a shock or force which flung him violently into the middle of the street, where, with his hand badly bruised and his knee-pan broken, he lay for some time like a dead man. By the application of the proper restoratives, however, he was finally brought to his senses, and was conveyed home. Just as this affair terminated, the town bell rung announcing a death, and on inquiry it was ascertained that a certain tailor had just died, who had the peculiarity of walking, swinging his arm with a glove in his hand, and looking up at the side of the street, just as the Dutchman (a stranger in the place) had described the apparition.

SECOND CASE.—The house of a clergyman of the narrator's acquaintance, then in Maine, was haunted with mysterious noises, and the furniture, bed-clothes, etc., would often be moved in an unaccountable manner. Another clergyman, a relative of the first, was sojourning in the family, and repeatedly witnessed, and was sometimes annoyed with, these manifestations, but said nothing until one time as he was bringing a pail of water from the spring, and when within a few yards of the house, he was suddenly smitten by an invisible force, and with the quickness of lightning prostrated headlong upon the ground. As there was no visible or conceivable *earthly* cause for this occurrence, he mentioned to the other clergyman what had happened, but found him little disposed to converse on the subject. The owner of that house was afterward obliged to sell it at a sacrifice, and remove from the place to get rid of the annoyance of his unseen visitors. These facts may be relied upon, but we are not authorized to mention the names of the parties concerned.

THIRD CASE.—The narrator had, when a boy, been told of a neighbor who, on a dark night was driving a team at a place which was reputed to be haunted, when his horses suddenly stopped in the road, and refused to be urged forward. He went before them and saw a black mass, of indefinite shape, stretched across the road. He drew his cartwhip, intending to strike it with all his might; but as he did this he was suddenly knocked down as by an electric stroke, and when he recovered himself and looked again for the mysterious barrier of blackness, it had vanished, and his horses then willingly passed forward.

SAVED FROM A DESTROYER BY SPIRITS.—We are informed by one who knows, that the following occurrences lately took place in Boston: A mother died leaving an orphan and unprotected daughter at the susceptible age of sixteen. Some time after the mother's death the daughter formed an acquaintance with a wealthy young man of fascinating manners, but who is a sensualist. By his arts and blandishments, as he met her from time to time, her unsuspecting nature was evidently being wrought upon, when, being in the presence of a medium, a Spirit purporting to be that of her departed mother addressed her a warning, and cautioned her, for her own safety, to discontinue her meetings with the individual referred to. From skepticism or some other cause, however, she paid but little attention to the warning, and from the potency of the young letcher's arts, she gradually so far lost her personal decision as to be on the very brink of ruin. One evening after the fascinating magnetism of the serpent had taken its deepest effect upon her, she was sitting alone with the young rake in a room of the house where she resided, when a sudden and tremendous crash at the door of the room brought the family to the spot. They found the door literally burst from both lock and hinges! The girl's kind Spirit-mother had been watching the progress of affairs, and had interposed in this extraordinary way in behalf of her unprotected child, just in time to prevent her purity and her happiness for life from being ruthlessly snatched from her.

THE CAUSE IN BOSTON.—We learn from the *New Era* that the committee appointed some weeks ago to take measures for the more effectual organization of Sunday meetings, in Boston, have recently made an unexpectedly favorable report. "They had found a deep interest in Spiritualism, and a willingness to contribute liberally for its furtherance, in quarters where it was little anticipated. Among those interested are some of the wealthiest and most substantial business men of the city," and it was confidently anticipated that a sum would be raised sufficient to enable the Spiritualist fraternity "to procure a large and commodious hall, and employ a public teacher of high and commanding abilities." We learn through a private channel that they have secured, for one year, the MELODEON, one of the most spacious and eligible public lecture rooms on Washington Street.

SPIRITUALISM PROOF AGAINST MICE.—Moses W. Newcomb, of Clay, N. Y., is a subscriber for several newspapers, and among the rest for the SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH, and the *New Era*. As these papers have been read by his family they have been thrown into a certain box behind a sofa, which serves also as a comfortable habitation for mice. On a recent examination by Mrs. Newcomb, she found that those meddlesome little *varmints* had completely cut to pieces nearly all the papers except the SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH and *New Era*, and that not one of either of these latter had been touched! We glean this fact from the *New Era*, to which it is communicated by Mr. Orris Barnes. It is certainly a singular affair, but we are not exactly willing to leave Spiritualism to stand or fall only upon its basis. We are, however, of the opinion that the little quadrupeds did not display much *taste* in passing over such delicious morsels to nibble at such coarse political dry bones as the *Albany Atlas*, which was one of the suffering papers.

DREAM FULFILLED.—The wife of the present writer dreamed lately that a neighbor was lying prostrate and languishing, as if some severe calamity had befallen him. A few evenings ago he was brought home severely injured by a fall from a scaffold, and now lies in precisely the condition in which the dreamer saw him.

Original Communications.

THE ROLL OF FAME.

BY T. H. CHIVERS, M.D.

[illegible]—*Rabbinical Saying.*

In the Autumn of the world, when the honey of the Summer still lay
on the flowers of the years,
I stood on the evergreen banks of the beautiful River of Time,
And there heard the loud thunders, rolled off from the prows of the
crystalline Spheres,
Break balmily against the white shore of my panting soul in utterance
sublime.

In the Kingdom of Avaria I saw Beon the Divine,
Folding his milk-white Lambs in the evergreen Pastures of God's love,
Near the Typhonian Kirjath Sepher hyaline,
Where Osarsiph lived, whose soul was as white as the breast of the
Dove.

Thus, while I wandered, led on by the light of my dear love,
Fair as the Osirian Moon, through the Desert of the fruitful years,
I heard the Opharian voices of the Arabian turtle-dove
Comforting the silence as the cheeks of Sorrow are comforted by their
own tears.

In the Garden of the heart of Sorrow grows its own sweet balm,
So, for Man's miseries here on earth this heavenly boon is given—
For every storm there follows after it some sort of calm—
Life is the stream down which the soul is borne in time to Heaven.

Then to my Star of Love I said, in bitter sobs of sorrow,
Come, my AVALIA! listen unto my Lyric of sweet pain—
My joyful sadness—for, by this same time to-morrow,
I will be far away from thee—never to see thy precious face again!

Then, like some newly-opening Rose-bud of the Morning,
Dripping with midnight dews, from her celestial eyes,
Down her fair cheeks, where Beauty sat adorning
Her soul with smiles—(clouds in the April skies)—

When the bright Sun is shining—trickled her sparkling tears;
While from her trembling lips broke forth the bitter wail
Of that immortal agony which shook the echoing Spheres
With such deep pity that the listening Gods in Heaven turned pale!

Then the tranced Silence, wakened from her peaceful slumber
In the Oasian Ocean of Saharah, hearing her mournful voice
Breaking against the Hills of Nubia, listening without number,—
Fled to the Pacific Islands in those Seas whose billows make no noise.

But still it was far sweeter the Muezzin's mournful crying
Uttered at daybreak from the Dome of the beautiful Omar,
Looking from the top of Zion up to the Mountain that is undying—
Like the first great golden ILIAD bursting from the soul of Homer.

Then I heard Amun-Rha, in the City of Amun, say,
Thou of the Pharaonic years! come forth, great One!
Immaculate Anastasis of the Ages that lay prone
In the midnight Tomb of Time, great Son of the Ever-living One!
Immortal Osortasin! rise from the regions of Pone!
This I heard Amun-Rha, in the City of Amun, say.

Then, like the unfolding of some antediluvian iron Scroll,
With repercussive clang, like storm-winds when they rend the bosom
of the Deep,
The Vail of Isis was rent in twain, revealing unto my more than raptured soul
The dark Ænigma of the grave, written in Dreams in the House of
Sleep.

This was the Vail of the Temple which no mortal hand could raise,
By the invisible Power of God now rent in twain!
Behind which stood, in the Holy of Holies, the ANCIENT ONE of
days,
Writing His ELOHIM-BEN-RODAKH in the blood of the LAMB that
was slain.

Thus, while I wandered, led on by the Light of my dear love,
Fair as the Osirian Moon, I saw before my upturned vision loom—
(As if the Sun should rise up at the darkness of midnight above—)
A world on fire embosomed in its own self-generated gloom,

Like embers in their own black ashes, where it luminously shone,
Like an Autumnal sunset burning above the new-made tomb
Of the Year—great Osortasin from the Regions of Pone—
Shedding around his midnight form the light that did his own great
soul illume!

Then with his lips of love, out of his sweet Nilotic Reed,
He blew strange Songs such as were sung, in the Night of Time,
By the mouths of the Gods when they first blew down that life-imparting seed
Out of the Tree of Heaven into the souls of those who Edened the
world in its prime.

Thou wert, from old, anointed, baptized in the healing dew
Of the Eyes of the weeping Heavens, Oh! Amun of Love!
Thou Horus-Apollo of the Gods! whose delight it is to view
Nothing on earth that is not like something that is in the Heavens
above!

See! his head is in Heaven! although his feet are here on the earth,
Walking the world out of the nebulous Kingdoms of old Night,
Like the Night full of Stars when the Constellations have all come
forth—
Glittering in glory like the Sun when he walks through the Heavens
in the meridian of his might.

Watching, my soul grew dumb with horror's wild astonishment,
Listening, entranced, before the presence of that immortal One!
Until, at length, strengthened by his sweet smile, my soul gave vent
To its new wonder shaping itself into the name of WASHINGTON!

Then I heard iron words, spoken as if by clanking chains
Rattling in bottomless vaults rusted by tears wept by the utterless
Tomb—
Followed by rumbling thunders—after which there fell down hailing
rains,
As if hail fell instead of rain—freezing my lips to dumbness doubly
dumb!

Then from my mouth my breath in pendulous icicles hung,
Chaining my tongue to silence—after which there came the terrible
roar
Of some gigantic Lion, which now essayed the free use of his tongue,
As if he were thus doomed madly to moan to me forever more!

For from his brazen throat the accumulated thunders of all Time,
In pyramidal impudence, seemed bellowed in mountain-piles to Heaven,
Like Hell's immortal thunder-smoke steaming in pestilential clouds sublime
Out of the Ocean of dark Death, darkening the world from Morning
until Even!

Then all grew silent—save the loud lamentings of my heart within my
breast,
Vexing, with its unquiet, all my horror-stricken soul,
That longed for daylight as the Earth would, rocking in her unrest,
Should the Southern suddenly be changed into the Northern Pole!

Now the pale cold Moon, meek as the untouched Bride of Christ,
With her Nun-like face vailed in the Nunnery of the Skies at even,
Like Isis before Osiris, stood by the bedside of her great High Priest,
Listening unto the Pleiades wailing for their lost Sister at the Gates of
Heaven.

Then, like the young Sun, with divine Aurora by his side,
Springing up Hymalayah for the high Noon of his day—
Rejoicing in the splendor of his might—triumphant in his pride—
Melting the darkness with his glory, as he thunders on his way—

Or, like some God-like Poet when his Eagle-soul goes forth in thought
Out of this world into the Star-Fields of Eternity for food
To feed his starving heart—food such as that which Adam brought
Down out of Heaven for his own soul when all the world was good—

Up the precipitate Hills of Heaven, proclaiming Tidings of great joy
To all the inhabitants who dwell in the darkness of Pone—
In an aroma of sonorous thunder rumbling through the sky—
Bringing to Judgment all the souls who dwell in the Regions of Pone—

So rose before my startled soul rapt with divine delight
The demiluminous Vision of the buried Past,
Fresh resurrected out of the wormy Mansions of Old Night—
Turning the Night to Day—the DAY that shall forever last.

Then, those who waited for the tardy breaking of the EVERLASTING DAY
Heard, from the Trumpt-Marine blown by the lips of ever-living
Liberty,
The thunderous Summons which proclaimed to them, COME FORTH! Oh!
COME AWAY!
AND GATHER THE LAURELS OF FAME FROM THE BOUGHS OF ETERNITY'S
TREE!

Then, like some glorious Martyr's soul over the Funeral Pile
That has consumed his body, rapt with swift Archangel-might—
(The fagots crackling underneath the miasm of thick smoke the while)—
Rose, in triumphant ecstasy, this great God-like soul out of the Tomb
of Night!

Then I heard wailings, bitter cryings, followed by most inhuman voices;
Then stifled groans as if from some mad mother crazed for her dead
child!
Mingled with Serpent's hisses striving therewith to drown the unnatural
noises
That startled the Dove-like Silence from her Halcyon Nest, leaving
her tame ones wild!

While through the rent, made in the clouds of Heaven, as he went on,
Hastening to meet his joyful Lord in everlasting bliss—
Full of sublime content—soared the great Soul of WASHINGTON—
His upturned spiritual lips ready his Saviour's cheeks at Heaven's
high Gates to Kiss.

Time then folded his starry wings, while the enchanted Years
Paused in their cycles listening alone on the brink of the River of
Bliss;
While all the Constellations, stooping from their crystalline Spheres,
Stood ready to barter their lives in Heaven for one sweet hour like
this.

Then were the crystalline doors of great Bethshemesh opened wide,
For the in-marching of the immortal Armies of the Skies,
Whose footsteps, on the Opal-pavements, sounded like the ocean at high
tide,
In rythmical answer to the Songs of the Gods from the four great
white Eternities.

I then stood on the Angel-peopled top of the MOUNTAIN OF THE LORD,
Listening, within the hearing of ten thousand Gods, to the flowings
of His love,
Watering the Vales of Immortality from the FOUNTAINS OF HIS WORD,
Until the Paradise of Man became like the EDEN of Heaven above.

Sept. 25, 1853.

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A FEW THOUGHTS ABOUT THE BIBLE.

[Sketch of a Discourse delivered at Dodworth's Academy, on Sunday morning, August 20, by S. C. Hewett, Editor of the Boston *New Era*.]

The "Bible Question," like almost every thing else of note in these days, has its two great parties, arrayed on either side, and complete extremes of each other. One of these is the Conservative Party, which takes every thing about the Bible for granted, and regards its chaff and its wheat, its dross and its gold, alike. This party makes no distinction between one kind of truth in the Bible and another. It mixes up the various phases of human and Divine nature there exhibited, considers the whole Book as plenarily inspired, and concludes, therefore, that the said Book is, *en masse*, the WORD OF GOD.

On the other hand, and in the other extreme, we have the Radical Party, whose leading disposition is to throw the Bible away entirely—its wheat as well as its chaff—its gold as well as its dross. Being in the extreme, it sees no wheat there, it sees no gold there. Disgusted with the monstrous and absurd claims of the conservative theological clan, it flies off in a tangent, and throws both truth and error overboard together, almost entirely, so far as the Bible is concerned.

Now, both these classes subserve a good purpose—each in its way—just as the two forces of nature—the centripetal and the centrifugal—give the earth its orbital movement, and its mighty elliptical sweep. As the globe whirls midway between the centripetalism and the centrifugalism of nature, and thereby strikes the balance of both, so is it also in the world of mind, and specially now, in reference to the question under consideration. That spiritual centripetalism, which claims *every thing* for the Bible, tends, like the centripetal force of nature, to draw every thing to itself—every thing to a center—to make it stationary, quiescent, and even torpid. Its greatest extreme is absolute and unconditional inertia on the quiescent side; and, by itself, it is never satisfied till its point is fully gained. This is a law of nature, in the world of mind, just as really as any other mental rule is a law, and just as much as it is a law of nature outside of mind.

Similar remarks apply equally well to that spiritual centrifugalism, known more commonly under the name of Radicalism. As its opposite dwells ever at a center, so this takes up its abode (if *abode* it may be said to have) on the very verge of things. It is ever flying off, tangent-like, into the infinite void, in search of the *new alone*, and ever discards the old, simply because it is old, and, to its perception, worn out and gone to decay. But as between the attractive and repellant forces of nature, the earth and all similar globes move on their majestic pathway, so here, in the world of mind, is evolved the mighty motion of thought, between two similar forces on the mental plane. By the constant action of these forces, thought is kept in continual agitation; the mind grows, expands, and is thus enabled to take in a more extended and beautiful field of view.

The truth, however, which is seen at either of these extremes, is only partial and fragmentary truth. It is not all-sided, but one-sided. It is truth seen from one point of view only, and therefore must, of necessity, fall very far short of the Absolute Truth. Nevertheless, its one great tendency is, outside of its own borders, to so stir all intermediate grades of mind, as to make each approximate nearer and nearer to that central all-sidedness—to that grand and harmonious orbital sweep which corresponds to the physical globe, in the way already named. That, however, is the truest soul who moves where the earth moves; whose evolutions are exactly midway between the center and the circumference of that power which projects thought, and stirs the soul's life to its very depths—stirs it intensely, yet serenely and joyously, and makes it live evermore in the golden light of the Spiritual Sun, instead of the merely gorgeous rays of the prismatic lens.

With these preliminaries, we may take the Bible directly in hand, in doing which, we shall find its *worshipers*, on the one hand, claiming too much for that book; and, on the other, we shall also find the opposite party denying too much. It will be seen that the Bible is not all wheat—not all gold. It will be seen that it has both a human and a Divine element in it—that the human element is true, *as a human element*, and in a limited way, while the Divine element alone is the Absolute Truth.

There are two spiritual laws which are peculiarly applicable to this subject, and which reflect much light upon it. And these laws have their very obvious correspondences in the external world, and in external science. They are the laws of Spiritual Mathematics, or the essential *reality* of things, and of Spiritual Perspective, *or seeming*. To illustrate: nothing is more common than to say the sun rises and sets; yet who that has the least smattering of the philosophy of astronomy does not know that *such is not the case*. It is a mere *seeming*. The *mathematical* truth here is, that the earth turns on its own axis and makes the appearance, which many regard as a *reality*. A little philosophy puts both the seeming and the reality each in its own proper place; and a trifle more regards each as being *true* also, in its own proper sphere. The mathematical reality is true, in accordance with the law of Mathematics; the *seeming* reality is also true, according to the law of Perspective.

Again, a straight rod in water *appears* crooked. The Mathematics of it is, that the rod is just as straight *in* the water as *out* of it. The Perspective of the matter is, that the rod is crooked. Both these phases of the thing are *true*—each in its own way, and according to its own law.

Still again: an observer stands at the entrance of a long avenue, whose two walls, or sides, are continuously and mathematically parallel. But what is the seeming, or perspective, of that avenue? As the eye beholds it, it *seems* much narrower in the distance than where the beholder stands. This *seeming* is the perspective of the matter; the mathematical reality is different. But both are true—the one to the law of Perspective, the other to that of Mathematics.

Corresponding illustrations, to almost any extent, might be given, but these are sufficient for the present purpose. Suppose we now bring these mathematical and perspective laws, as thus illustrated, into the region of spiritual thought, and apply them, as a standard of interpretation, to the Bible. Suppose we take two passages of Scripture, as *seemingly opposite* as any we can possibly find in the whole Book; and then let us see what story these two laws will tell in relation to them, and all like them. The scriptures are these: "God is not a man that he should repent." "And it repented Him that He had made man on the earth."

Now, when a devotee of Old Theology has his attention called to these two scriptures, so seemingly contradictory, he knows not what to do with them, and the absolutely radical, or centrifugal mind, acting in perfect accordance with its own state, pronounces dogmatically upon the matter, and calls the passages *absolutely contradictory*. But are they contradictory? Does Perspective contradict Mathematics? If not in natural things, why then in spiritual things?

"God is *not a man*, that he should repent," simply expresses a spiritually mathematical truth. It is evermore the voice of the intellectual, or wisdom faculty of the soul, which is essentially mathematical. And whenever, or wherever Reason is the master, and Feeling the servant, the idea of this scripture—the unchangeability of God—will ever remain as the true and significant word of Reason.

"And it repented Him that he had made man on the earth," also expresses a spiritually perspective truth. It is the voice of man's affectional nature, whenever and however this nature bears away over the intellect, and becomes its master. This is the way the soul sees God, while thus conditioned. And as it is the nature of the affections or feelings to be ever changing and fitful in their operations, whenever they are the master, and intellect the servant, *God will change*, to the soul's perception, just as much, and just as often as they change. This is spiritual perspective—a law of spiritual nature, and just as true to spiritual nature as the unchangeability of God is true to a clear-seeing and substantial intellect. Take now the illustration of the avenue, and suppose the observer passing through it, and the perspective, or appearance, will change slightly with every step. Let him stand on one side of the avenue, and the change will be different, and much more marked. But you raise him to some specific point above, and the scene is almost totally changed. Just so, precisely, is it with spiritual perspective. God—and every thing else, indeed—changes with every advancing step of the soul (whether backward or forward), which is mainly under the sway of feeling; where the intellect is not clear enough, or strong enough to turn the scale of consciousness on the mathematical side, and thereby correct the exclusively seeming by the addition of the real—the mathematical. So if the soul, thus governed, makes "side issues," or gets the ability to rise above its former stand-points, so that the object of vision bears a radically different relation to it, the perspective also changes in precisely the same ratio, and God, and all things else of a spiritual nature, still continue to change with all these changing moods.

The thought to be especially regarded here is, that change in God is just as true to the law of spiritual perspective as change in the appearance of an avenue is true to the law of natural perspective, and just as true, in its own department also, as the unchangeability of God is true to the highest degree of mathematical intellect.

We are not then to talk so much about truth and falsehood in the Bible—or, indeed, anywhere else—as about the *degrees* and *kinds* of truth. In a truly philosophical sense, there is no falsehood—no evil. But this, we must remember, is only the *mathematical* side of the matter. The perspective side presents the subject in a different light, and for a practical purpose, just as a conscious "freedom of the will" is characteristic of all moral beings, while in "real reality," or absolute, philosophical, and mathematical certainty, the law of necessity—which is but another name for Divine sovereignty—bears everlasting and unconditional sway.

To be brief, it may be said in conclusion, that chaff and dross are just as true, just as good, and just as useful, in their own place and way, as wheat and gold. Chaff protects the wheat, while that is coming to maturity; and even after its separation it is not lost. Nature is a good economist, and permits no waste in her dominions. The chaff, scattered to the four winds of heaven, falls upon the broad bosom of mother earth, follows the general law of decomposition, combines with other substances and elements, enters again into plants, animals, men. And in all these it is really useful—it is not lost. The same also is true of dross. Even the quartz rock is useful. It protects the gold it encases, till the miner or nature herself shall separate the two; and after that—though it takes a very long time to do it—it becomes, particle by particle, disintegrated, combines with the soil already formed, and enters ultimately into vegetation, animals, men. So is it also with the chaff and dross of human character, as that appears through the long line of human history—much of which we have in the Bible. The latter is sometimes called *sacred* history, and that outside of it, *profane*. But all *true* history is sacred, whether it relate to man, the globe, or the vast and incomprehensible universe. God is *in* history, as well as every thing else, and being there, history is made sacred, even divine, if you please, by that very fact. He is there to make use of every influence, of every fact, every exhibition of human nature, as of all other nature, in the farther unfolding and development of the higher and more God-like elements of a true and immortal manhood. Toward this grand and absolutely desirable result, every thing constantly tends, with a surety with which no supposable foreign force can ever compete, with the least appreciable effect.

Let the Bible, then, be esteemed for what it is really worth. Let principles, laws, Reason be brought to bear upon it in the way of interpretation. Let it, in short, be fairly dealt with, on both sides of the question, and beautiful, immortal, and saving truth will arise from it, to the soul's finer perceptions, like the phenix from the ashes; and instead of its seeming so contradictory on the one side as it often does, or being the God of a large class on the other, it will stand forth in its beauty and strength—a treasure of wisdom and of love—a beacon-light to life's weary mariners—a storehouse of valuable food for both the intellect and the affections. And standing thus on the divinity of Principle, Reason, Truth, not all the mighty force of an absolutely centripetal conservatism in theology, nor the equally mighty power of denial and doubt, can for a moment shake the confidence of the soul in its truthfulness, its great and worthy aims, and its most prominent influence and tendency. Its great fundamental principle will be seen to be Absolute Truth, in perfect accordance with the mathematics of the spiritual universe; while, at the same time, its seeming contradictions vanish into truth of only inferior grade, by the gentle influence of Spiritual Law. Thus extremes become reconciled—antagonisms harmonious, and Synthesis the grand focus of all Analysis. UNITY henceforth is the soul-thrilling watchword of the nations and of the spheres—unity of ideas—unity of aims—UNITY OF LIFE.

◆

"How often is our path
Crossed by some being, whose bright spirit sheds
A passing gladness o'er it; but whose course
Leads down another current, never more
To blend with ours! Yet far within our souls,
Amid the rushing of the busy world,
Dwells many a secret thought, which lingers still
Around that image." W. S. H.

☞ Judge Edmonds and Dr. Dexter have returned to the city after being absent the greater part of the summer months. The Doctor is evidently in fine health and spirits. At the time of going to press we have not had the pleasure of seeing the Judge, but understand that his health is quite restored.

The second volume of "Spiritualism" is now about ready for the press, and we shall proceed with it as speedily as possible.

☞ We understand that our associate, Mr. Charles Partridge, lectured a few evenings since before a large audience in his native town—Templeton, Mass.—on the relations of ancient and modern spiritual manifestations. We learn that two or three clergymen were present, one of whom assisted in the exercises by offering prayer. The people listened with the most earnest and respectful attention.

Interesting Miscellany.

BETTING ON THE SPIRITUAL ISSUE.

We find the following in the Lavaca (Texas) *Commercial*. Betting will not be likely to settle the question, and it certainly can neither make the winner nor the loser wiser or better.—Ed.

A Challenge of $500.

As many persons in this place denounce the "Spirit-rappings" as a humbug, as practiced upon the credulity of the citizens, I will now offer $500 to any individual who can prove in a clear and satisfactory manner that the rappings are produced either directly or indirectly by any agency of man. Those who oppose it so violently, can now test the truth of it—if they will risk the above sum—they can have an opportunity of exposing the humbug and make money by the operation besides.

If the writer of the communication in the paper to-day, who so feelingly deprecates its horrible effect, is disposed to test it, he may benefit the community at large by exposing the imposture, and make it profitable to himself. J. H. ADAMS.

Lavaca, Texas, *July 4, 1854.*

* * *

Phenomena of the Brain.—Dr. Wagan, in a treatise on the "Quality of the Mind," makes the following remarks:

"One of the most inconceivable things in the nature of the brain is that the organ of sensation should itself be insensible. To cut the brain gives no pain, yet in the brain alone resides the power of feeling pain in any other part of the body. If the nerve which leads from it to the injured part be divided, it becomes instantly unconscious of suffering. It is only by communication with the brain that any kind of sensation is produced, yet the organ itself is insensible. But there is a circumstance more wonderful still. The brain itself may be removed, may be cut away down to the corpus callosum without destroying life. The animal lives and performs all the functions which are necessary to simple vitality, but no longer has a mind. It can not think or feel. It requires that the food should be pushed into the stomach; once there it is digested, and the animal will even thrive and grow fat. We infer, therefore, that the part of the brain, the convolutions, is simply intended for the exercise of the intellectual faculties, whether of the low degree called instinct, or exalted kind bestowed on man, the gift of reason.—*Genesee Whig.*

To Pork Eaters.—It is said that the Jews, Turks, Arabians, and those who observe the precept of avoiding blood and swine's flesh, are infinitely more free from disease than Christians; more especially do they escape those opprobria of the medical art, gout, scrofula, consumption, and madness. The Turks eat great quantities of honey and pastry, and much sugar; they also eat largely, and are indolent; yet they do not suffer from dyspepsia as Christians do. The swine-fed natives of Christendom suffer greater devastation from a painful tubercular disease of the bowels (dysentery) than from any other cause. Those persons who abstain from swine's flesh and blood are infinitely more healthy and free from humors, glandular diseases, dyspepsia, and consumption; while in those districts, and among those classes of men where the pig makes the chief article of diet, tubercle in all its forms of eruptions, sore legs, bad eyes, and abscesses must prevail. It is stated, as a remarkable coincidence, that Prince Edward's Island has a climate exactly similar to Great Britain, yet the inhabitants are not consumptive, neither is the pig there cultivated.

An Odd Theory.—"Being in Maine, a while ago," writes B. of Bridgeport, Conn., "I fell in with a singular customer. He is a lawyer of some eminence, and a confirmed bachelor. He showed me his boots (which he wears without stockings), with holes cut through them just above the soles, so as to let the snow and water come freely about his feet, declaring he had not a bad cold for fifteen years by reason of this practice. But the best thing about him was his religion, as he called it, which I regarded as peculiar. He believed, he said, that the Earth is a huge animal, breathing every six hours, which caused the ebb and flow of the tides; that the trees, shrubbery, etc., are hairs, and all animals including men, are merely vermin! He also believes in a kind of metempsychosis, and affirms that he can distinctly remember having lived on earth in nine different forms. In the last of these, prior to the present, he was in the form of a black sheep, which wore a bell; and the dogs getting after the flock, of which he was leading member, he lost the bell, and has found it since he was a man, and, knew it the very moment it caught his eye!" An "odd theory," indeed.—*Saratoga Whig.*

Colleges for Women.—It may not be generally known that there are now several colleges in the United States which admit females. The *Pittsburg Saturday Visitor* (Mrs. Swisshelm) says:

"Ohio has two at least, Oberlin and Antioch, which last is said to be the best conducted in this country, with Horace Mann for president. Then there is Westminster, at New Wilmington, Lawrence Co., Pa., whose system is not yet fully developed for want of college buildings; but a large number of the youth of both sexes are there receiving a thorough collegiate education.

"Add to these the two Female Medical Colleges in Philadelphia, and we have five, and our impression is that there are several others which just now escape our memory."

There is one college for females in New York, if we mistake not, and and there is also a Female Medical College in Boston.

A Beautiful Thought.—Margaret Fuller somewhere beautifully says: "It is a marvel whence this perfect flower (water-lily) derives its loveliness and perfume, springing as it does from the black mud over which the river sleeps, and where lurk the slimy eel and speckled frog and the mud-turtle whom continual washing can not cleanse. It is the very same black mud out of which the yellow lily sucks its obscene life and noisome odor. Thus we see, too, in the world, that some persons assimilate only what is ugly and evil, from the same moral circumstances which supply good and beautiful results—the fragrance of celestial power—to the daily life of others.

A Thought for Lovers of Gold.—The superintendent of the Massachusetts Insane Hospital says, that in all the cases of insanity that have come under his notice, produced by the fear of coming to want, the patients have been rich men. In no case has the man of humble means been visited by this form of insanity.

Death of Bro. Chapin's Mother.—We are grieved to hear of the sudden death of Mrs. Beulah Chapin, wife of Alpheus Chapin, and mother of the distinguished preacher—Rev. E. H. Chapin. She died in this city, early Monday morning, having reached the venerable age of 69 years. The mother of such a son could not have been otherwise than a woman of great worth.—*Christian Freeman.*

Mr. Henry Wurtz, of Newark, N. J., the State Mineralogist, discovered a few days since, in the quarries of Mr. Alyea, near Newark, a substance which on analysis proves to be a new mineral. It was found in thin flakes between the layers of sandstone, and having an extraordinary resemblance in many respects to white paper, he has given it the name of "Papyrolyte."

Fecundity.—The Dayton *Gazette* gives an account of a German woman living in that county, who had six children at one birth. The children are now six months old, all alive, and were in Dayton with their mother on Tuesday. They were in a wagon with her, snugly propped up in a wine basket. They are all boys, and small of their age.

Another Overissue.—A young woman of Cole Co., Illinois, recently presented her husband with four children at one birth! This was her first effort in the line, and there is no telling, therefore, what she may be able to do hereafter.

Facing the Evil.—A lady playfully complaining of the wearing of whiskers and moustaches, declared, "It is one of the fashions I invariably set my face against."

A Prayer.—A divine, once praying, said, "Oh, Lord! give us neither poverty nor riches," and pausing solemnly a moment, he added, "*especially poverty.*"

Farmer's Department.

CITIZEN OR GENTLEMEN FARMERS.

WHY SO OFTEN DISAPPOINTED.

BY H. C. VAIL.

A love for the country with its picturesque, ever-various scenery, now colored with nature's gayest tints, then in her dullest hues, now presenting a level expanse or an undulating surface, through which, perhaps, meanders some beautiful rivulet, or suddenly breaks into bold outlines, towering mountains, awakening feelings of sublimity in the beholder—a love for all this and the enjoyment of pure, fresh water, invigorating air, and the feeling of freedom accompanying all, pervades the mind of every individual; and although it is true there are many individuals in whom this spontaneity of feeling *seems* to be dormant, yet the mass of mankind are ever attracted to the spot where nature's works may be viewed in all their simplicity and grandeur, where peace may be found, and sweet relief from the cares and turmoil of the city. In the country man is in his native element, reveling in luxuries, which, while they gratify healthful desires, do not create artificial appetites which can never be satiated. Is it strange, then, to see citizens shaking off metropolitan dust and seeking country homes! men who have spent a life of usefulness in the city, and who now feel the necessity of resuscitating their failing energies. This constitutes a large class of those removing to the country; but there are those who seek it from motives of economy, who find it impossible to sustain their rapidly increasing families in the city; besides, they feel that the invigorating air and healthful diet to be found beyond its limits, are more favorable to the well-being of their families than its contaminated atmosphere. There is still another class who enlist as farmers, and consequently seek the country to pursue their legitimate functions as tillers of the soil and producers of life-sustaining elements. There are many reasons why all classes who seek country homes are disappointed in their bright anticipations. We will briefly consider a few of these.

In the first place the expectations of rural felicity range too high. Those who reside in the city, and who visit their relatives in the country, or who make short excursions in the summer season, are deceived by the pleasing appearance which every thing wears. Their friends endeavor to make all things appear pleasant and joyous. During the warmer months, nature, too, puts on her most fascinating garb, arrays herself in gorgeous livery, and blesses man with an abundance of fruit and flowers. Who would not enjoy a life in the country, when a stroll through green fields, a ramble in the woods, and by the side of the babbling brook so refreshes the spirit sinking under the cares of business and the confinement of a city life! Who would not choose a rural life when the bounteous earth yields the natural means for man's subsistence so plentifully! It is these and other impressions of like nature which oftentimes influence men to leave the city hastily and settle in the country without having taken sufficient consideration of circumstances attendant upon such change.

Another and perhaps more serious difficulty lies in the fact of the general impression that "any one can conduct the operations of a farm." We usually find farmers sending their brightest sons to colleges to receive an education to fit them to become professional men, while those possessing more ordinary intellectual qualifications remain on the farm. No mistake can be greater than this. To manage a farm judiciously, requires the exercise of as much skill, industry, and good judgment as the pursuit of any other business. This is daily demonstrated by the difference in the results obtained by farmers of different business capacity.

A want of knowledge of the fundamental principles of agriculture is an effectual preventive to success; this, combined with a deficiency in practical experience in the use of tools, care of stock, and the management of men, is sufficient to blast every effort. The great mass of our farmers, who pretend to be *practical*, are sadly deficient in a scientific knowledge of agriculture, otherwise they would succeed far better than they do now. Else they would not allow their corn fields to yield from one third to one half what they should, nor would they lose so much from the ill effects of a drouth.

The present season, being one of a universal drouth, demonstrates the necessity of wider-spread information on agricultural science and the greater need of advantaging by a knowledge of nature's laws. Look also at the awkward and illy-constructed implements which a great proportion of farmers use. The citizen farmer, coming from his office, where every thing is made of the best materials, and every tool and machine perfectly adapted to its work, is it surprising that he should fail to do well with the imperfect implements found on a majority of farms? The plow, the harrow, and the common garden hoe are expected to serve for every operation. The first named, of one pattern and size, perhaps, is used indiscriminately to turn the tough sod and the mellow earth, the stiff clay and the blowing sands. No one tool on a farm can be used with profit to perform any other than its legitimate operations. These and many things of a like character operate against the success of the citizen who would become a farmer.

It is essential that the farmer should be a man of industrious habits and close application in carrying out the details of his operations, and although it is true that "his crops are growing when he is idle," if at any time he neglect to attend to their proper culture, he is soon informed of the fact by a deficiency in yield proportionate to such want of proper treatment.

The business habits of the farmer are different from those of the merchant. There is more vigorous exercise, a greater expenditure of physical energies required, and more exposure to the inclemency of the weather, all of which does not accord with the previous habits of the citizen, and in many instances they become irksome to so great a degree as to counterbalance the rural enjoyments he may derive from a residence in the country. Much of this, however, may be avoided by having a proper knowledge of the use of tools and labor-saving machinery. Besides, we are fully convinced that farmers, as a class, use more exertions, and expose themselves more than is essential to their welfare. Indeed, there is no doubt but they lose in the end by such operations.

The deficiency of men competent to take charge of, and give directions to laborers on the farms of those who continue to conduct business in the city, is a very great drawback, and certainly prevents many who are inclined to settle in the country from doing so. There is no branch of business in this country so illy supplied with competent persons for its prosecution as that of farming. England has her farm bailiffs, stewards, and foremen, who are educated to fill certain positions on the farm. They do not succeed very well in the same position here, at first, on account of the difference in climate, soils, mode of farming, habits, and customs of people, etc. There should be some means provided for the education of youths to fill just such positions in this country, and when able or inclined to own a farm for themselves, will be the more competent to conduct it. How many hundreds of young lads, without fortune, now attending our common schools, if thus educated, could hold stations of respectability, trust, and independence, who otherwise would be compelled to learn a trade, and suffer from confinement to the shop or factory instead of breathing the pure air of the country. Such men are required, and why can they not be obtained? Why is not some movement made by which they can be supplied? We trust the time is not far distant when there will be no deficiency of men of the right stamp to attend to the business of a farm, and our wealthy citizens be enabled to leave their families in the country to enjoy all its advantages, while they can pursue their legitimate vocations in the city without being continually anxious about their rural affairs. We know of many instances of gentlemen having removed to the country, but from the want of proper assistance obliged to desert the farm and return to the city disgusted with the pursuit of agriculture.

The absence of economy in expenditure for improvements, and the careless way in which the latter are so frequently conducted, is a fruitful cause of disappointment. While it is strictly true that a poor farm may be so renovated as to equal in results the returns of those lands which are generally considered rich, yet, if the outlays are not judiciously made, the expectations of the proprietor can never be realized. The merchant buys goods suited to the market at such prices as will enable him to realize a fair profit; he carefully eschews all unsaleable and imperfect articles, because he can neither afford shelf-room nor lose the use of capital so invested. So with the farmer; he should, as in a fair mercantile transaction, inquire into the present condition of his soil, ascertain the requirements which must be supplied in order to enable him to produce crops which are in greatest demand, or which may prove most remunerative. Having satisfied himself on this point, he must discover the means of bringing about the desired results. If his soil be deficient in potash or other inorganic ingredient, it must be his study to obtain this material at as low a rate of cost as possible, and in such a state as to be the most immediately available to the plant, thus enabling him to receive full remuneration for all expenditures at an early date. If, instead of pursuing such a course, he were to look to ordinary manures alone to supply extensive deficiencies of particular constituents, the expense would be almost unlimited, and the returns far less than they should be in proportion to the expenditures made.

A rage for buying indiscriminately all the tools and machines placed in market for farmers' use, is equally injudicious, and as frequently the cause of failure as the use of old, worn out, or improper implements. Fancy stock, which have no intrinsic merit, never should find a place on a farm, because they are expensive, and take the place of far more useful and profitable kinds. Extra teams are costly, and require more care and attention than those wanted for farm service, and it were better not to keep beyond a team or two to serve as carriage and saddle horses when not otherwise required to do light work. Oxen and mules may be used to do the rough work, and a lighter team may perform harrowing, cultivating, and other easy operations during the busiest season, and serve all the purposes required for pleasure during the portions of the year when there is more leisure. Oxen may be rendered a source of profit by purchasing them when young, using them for a year or two, then turning them off at fair rates for beef. Mules, it is true, are expensive as to first cost, but they are very enduring, live to a great age, costing less for keep, and doing more work than horses.

Non-conformity to country customs and country hours for meals, and retiring to rest early, coupled with the habit of looking to others for enjoyment, instead of depending on themselves, often proves a source of vexation. To escape the disastrous effect of bitter disappointment it would be well before removing to the country to become fully acquainted with the details of circumstances which attend such a change. Resolve to take the country as it is, adopt country habits and country hours so far as necessary and consistent. Cultivate a habit of habitual cheerfulness, and instead of depending upon places of amusement for happiness, be so yourself, and thus render all around you happy.

The principles involved in the culture of the soil, rearing animals, preserving and preparing manures, the management of men, and the economical disbursement of money for important improvements, should early engage the attention of the citizen-farmer, while a knowledge of the practical operations may soon be acquired.

Any man of ordinary habits of diligence, possessed of knowledge on the points spoken of above, must ultimately succeed in his efforts to become a farmer—a thorough *practical* farmer.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

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Public Meetings are held by the Harmonial Association every Sabbath at Franklin Hall, 6th Street, below Arch, Philadelphia, west side. Lectures at half-past 10 A.M., and a Conference at 7 P.M. tf

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OUR LIST OF BOOKS

Embraces all the principal works devoted to Spiritualism, whether published by ourselves or others, and will comprehend all works of value that may be issued hereafter. The reader's attention is particularly invited to those named below, all of which may be found at the Office of The Spiritual Telegraph and Sacred Circle. The reader will perceive that the price of each book in the list, and the amount of postage, if forwarded by mail, are annexed.

The Shekinah, Vol. I.
By S. B. Brittan, Editor, and other writers, is devoted chiefly to an Inquiry into the Spiritual Nature and Relations of Man. It treats especially of the Philosophy of Vital, Mental, and Spiritual Phenomena, and contains interesting Facts and profound Expositions of the Psychical Conditions and Manifestations now attracting attention in Europe and America. This volume contains, in part, the Editor's Philosophy of the Soul; the Interesting Visions of Hon. J. W. Edmonds; Lives and Portraits of Seers and Eminent Spiritualists; *Fac-similes* of Mystical Writings, in Foreign and Dead Languages, through E. P. Fowler, etc. Published by Partridge and Brittan. Bound in muslin, price $2 50; elegantly bound in morocco, lettered and gilt in a style suitable for a gift book, price $3 00; postage 34 cents.

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By A. J. Davis. Price, 50 cents; postage, 9 cents.

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Or, secrets of the Life to Come, revealed through Magnetism; wherein the Existence, the Form, and the Occupation of the Soul after its Separation from the Body are proved by many years' Experiments, by the means of eight ecstatic Somnambulists, who had Eighty perceptions of Thirty-six Deceased Persons of various Conditions; a Description of them, their Conversation, etc., with proofs of their Existence in the Spiritual World. By L. A. Cahanet. Published by Partridge & Brittan. Price, $1 00; postage, 19 cents.

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In the Dynamics of Magnetism, Electricity, Heat, Light, Crystallization, and Chemism, in their relations to Vital Force. By Baron Charles Von Reichenbach. Complete from the German second edition; with the addition of a Preface and Critical Notes, by John Ashburner, M.D.; third American Edition. Published by Partridge & Brittan at the reduced price of $1 00; postage, 20 cents.

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